

"Yeah. A big coyote."

Art went to get his truck. They could make it to the junk yard before it closed.

Raul got a rag and wiped the sweat off of his forehead, then the blood off of his bumper.

RADIATOR BLUES: PART FOUR

Ruben rubbed the bump under his eye where that 'nasty little bitch' had hit him. He was going to have to make up a lie to tell his wife. She thought it was a rough crowd that hung around the swap meets. She wanted him to retire.

He thought he'd probably make up a story about demonstrating one of the blenders, liquifying some canned tomatoes, when the top flew off and hit him in the face. Then he'd just have to talk her out of calling Ralph Nader.

RADIATOR BLUES: PART FIVE

Glenda opened her eyes. She could hear cars zooming by a few feet away. She could smell ivy.

The events of the day were hazy. The last thing she remembered was fighting with that crooked little Jewish monkey who tried to overcharge her for a blender at the swap meet.

She sat up and shook her head, not quite realizing where she was. "That little Neanderthal son-of-a-bitch could really punch," she said to herself.

THE JOGGER

A jogger collapsed on Bob and Glenda's front lawn. Bob killed the lawnmower and administered CPR. Glenda came out and shoo-ed the kids back into the house. Young Robert wanted to know why his daddy was kissing a man on the front lawn. His mother said, "Hush, Robbie. The man is sick."

The paramedics came and put the jogger in the back of the ambulance, administered oxygen, shocked his chest till his legs kicked up in the air. Bob asked the guy in charge if he'd make it. The guy said, "Hell, no. He's deader'n a doornail right now."

Bob went in and brushed his teeth, he felt dirty. He'd always hoped if he had to do something like that, it'd be a nineteen-year-old girl, not some sweaty, paunchy, forty-five-year-old man who hadn't even shaved that day, for Christ's sake.

Marti (Martha) said, "Did you save the man's life, Daddy? Did you?"

Bob said, "I'm afraid not honey. The man died."

Marti couldn't wait to go to school tomorrow and tell all her friends about it. She laid her school clothes out. Glenda said, "There's no school tomorrow, honey. It's Saturday." Marti put her clothes away, disappointed.

Glenda had explained to Robbie that Daddy was trying to save the man's life, not kiss him, but it didn't seem to take. He hardly said a word all night, went right to his room after dinner.

Stan watched himself getting worked on from up above, the roof or a tree limb, he guessed.

"Hello, son," said his old man, heels hooked in the rain gutter, "You really got 'em jumpin' down there, huh?"

Stan said, "Yeah," smiling. "I'd always hoped if something like this happened to me that it'd be a nineteen-year-old girl doin' the mouth to mouth, you know what I mean?"

The old man chuckled, "I sure do."

"Well Old Timer," said Stan, "What happens next?"

BACK YARD TAN

Ruth put on her bikini, got her beer emblem beach towel, and went out to the back yard to soak up some rays. She laid on her back with her straw hat over her eyes, her snow-white, baby-oiled skin reflecting the sunlight, blinding passing birds, knocking them out of the sky.